



Entered at the Post Office Dept. Ottawa, Ont., as second class matter.

PRICE 10 CENTS

Published at St. Johns, P.Q.

Yearly Subscription, \$1.00
Post Paid to all parts of the world

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Advertising rates on application. Contributions invited.

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Address all correspondence and make all cheques payable to "The Editor, The Goat," St. Johns, Que.

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OLD TIMERS.

"A" Sqdn. R.C.D. at the Rochester Exposition, 1930.

EDITORIAL



The Summer season is rapidly finishing, the Maple trees are changing color, and there is a little nip in the air at night.

All our Military details are at home now, and will be for some little time we hope.

The Fall Course of the R.C.S. of C. commence on October 6th, when we will see a goodly number of our N.P.A.M. friends again.

With everyone at home for a while we will look forward to increase interest in "The Goat"—more news and more subject matter.

When you all commence your Fall shopping please do not overlook our Advertisers, send them some business and encourage your tradesmen to advertise in your own paper. "The Goat!"

Personal & Regimental

Lt.-Col. D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., visited the Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Que., on his Annual Inspection September 24th and 25th inst. The men having been warned of his intended visit had everything in readiness for him. After inspecting the different buildings, we were here on the 24th he inspected the Squadron on the 25th. In the morning we were all mounted, and in the afternoon we were dismounted. After the afternoon Parade, Lt.-Col. Bowie, spoke a few encouraging words to us all, especially welcoming the new members to the Regiment, and saying how pleased he was to see us all looking so smart and that it gave him great pleasure to be with us once again. Although many changes had taken place since he last saw us, he had never seen the Barracks look so smart and tidy, and to show us how pleased he was with everything he saw, he very kindly gave us all a half holiday the following day and hoped that we would enjoy it—we did.

Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O. assumed command of the Cavalry Barracks, September 12th, on his return from a successful Senior Officers' Course, at Weedon, Eng.

Major Wm. Baty, R.C.D. after being in command of the Cavalry

Barracks during the absence of Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., returned to his station at Stanley Barracks, Toronto, on Sunday September 14th inst.

Major F. Sayers, M.C. Capt. L. Hammond and Mrs. Hammond. Mr. and Mrs. Mann, visited the officers and the mess during the present month. Maj. Sayers and Capt. Hammond both were looking extremely well.

Mr. and Mrs. Mann, who were on their honeymoon trip dropped in to see us. Both were looking too happy and excited for words. "The Goat" wishes them every happiness through life.

Col. "Baldy" and Mrs. Muirhead, were entertained to tea on the officers lawn, during the beginning of the month.

Col. Basil Price, looked in for a few minutes and looked very fit after his hurried trip to England and the battlefields of Europe.

The officers lawn is now looking very trim, what used to be the Tennis Court and the very rough ground beyond is now levelled off right through to the Old Fort, and next year the lawn will run right through from the South end of the

mess to the Old Fort, the dead trees have been cut down and the beach more or less cleared up.

The frontispiece of this issue shows three Dragons at the Rochester Horse Show, Capt. G. F. Berteau, S.S.M. W. G. Tamlyn and Capt. Berteau's charger 'Bob' 'A' 14. Capt. Berteau, has served continuously with the regiment since 1905, and after serving in the ranks for a little over 8 years was given his commission in 1905. S.S.M. Tamlyn served since 1907, and 'Bob' since 1927. It is not considered time as yet to extol the merits of these old timers—we will leave that for a later date—sufficient to say that they are still going strong. "The Goat" wishes them both many years of life and happiness.

The officers along with their guests were entertained to a most interesting moving picture private view in the Officer's Mess, Sept. 1st inst., when Mr. Tyrone Power, who has just completed his work in a new super picture "The Big Trail" which will shortly be released showed some snatches of his work. Amongst those who were present at this entertainment were the following. Maj. Baty, Maj. and Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Berteau and guests, Capt. and Mrs. Wood, Capt. Nicholl, M.C., Master Billy Wood and "Bunga" Power.

Mr. Tyrone Power presented the Officer's Mess "A" Squadron R.C.D. with a beautiful picture in Oils showing "Fort Lennox" in a beautiful setting. This picture is the work of Mr. Power, who, among his many other attainments is a painter of note and who has been a resident of the neighbourhood in his spare time for the last forty years and is a frequent visitor to the Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Que.

Major Baty, Major and Mrs. Cook, Capt. and Mrs. Wood, Capt. Nicholls, M.C., Master Billy Wood, were the guests of Mr. Power, on Wednesday Sept. 3rd to a most enjoyable visit at "Old Fort Len-

nox" at the "Isle-aux-Noix" and afterwards to tea at Mr. Power's charming summer home at St. Paul.

Ex-Tpr. Souey who left us a few years ago, is now working as Night Stewart at the May Flower Club St. Catherine St., West, and is looking remarkably well. He will be pleased to see any of the boys who are willing to part with 50 cent for a small one.

Ex-Trooper, Lewis, who has now got quite a position at the "Riviere" Bleury St., Montreal, but is not as expensive, wants to be remembered to all the boys. He especially asks for Capt. Hammond.

During the recent football game we had with the "Sailors" who were our welcome guests, our manager when asked for the line up issued the following:

Goal
Pte. Chesley, The R.C.R.
Backs
Cpl. Bentley, Dan Thatcher
Half Backs
Bill Mauning, Cpl. Geo. Jennings.
Sgt. D. Gardiner
Forwards
Sgt. Jack Roe, Jock Henderson.
Charlie Hill, Dan Forgraves.
Referee
George The Barber
Linesman
"Moon Mullings."

In what locality of Rochester, N.Y., are "Kellie's White Washed Walls" situated in, and what possessed "Wheeler" to send one of our "Braves" to look for them.—just what did this "brave" say to "Wheeler" when he came back after an hour absence?

When is Dr. Fogerty, going to open up a Pharmacy at Rochester, N.Y., and did the Irishman become peeved when he could not locate what he was looking for?

When do the boys expect to see "Sambo" again? he doesn't mind shruffling his feet, but when it comes to lifting them off the



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ground, it becomes so tiresome.

Sgt. Hare, is showing great activity these days, and so early in the morning, just behind the Stables, but he will have to get up earlier to beat "Dan" on the job, he seems to know just where they grow.

When its Spring time in the Rockies (for the information of our friend "Lord Plushbottom") its 6.30 at the Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns.

"Spivis" after having spent his vacation at Halifax, N.S., was given a weeks extension to his prolonged visit when he returned to St. Johns, he is now back to duty, and looking remarkably well.

We wish to confirm the rumour that "Moon Mullings" is on the waggon and has been for the last 36 hours, but just wait until the end of the month, oh, boy, he does like solitude.

"Bobby" says that now all the weeks and garbage that was to be found in and around the Barracks have been destroyed, our next excitement will be an issue of a new kind of a Snow Shoe.

"The Goat" offers its sympathy to Cpl. Bentley, D.C.M., on the passing of his Father-in-Law.

Mr. Tyrone Power, who so likes to visit the Barracks on all possible occasions, very kindly entertained the boys to a Moving picture show in the Garison Gymnasium Friday September 10th, inst. This was very much appreciated by us all, and through the columns of "The Goat" we thank him very much for the interest he takes in our welfare.

"The Goat" offers congratulations to Sgt. Harris, on his being the proud father of a baby boy, born in August 1930, and also "Jacky" Cailier, beng a proud father to a boy, born September 4th, 1930.

A letter from ex-Cpl. Hood "Battleship", announcing his parenship to a baby boy, born Sept. 3rd, 1930.

With some autoists the turnover is costlier than the up-keep.

Toronto Notes.

18th August—

Capt. M. H. A. Drury, Capt. L. D. Hammond, Q.M.S.I. Maclean, M.M., Q.M.S.I. Fletcher, Sgt. Ins. King, Cpl. Gilmore and Lt/Cpl. E. Webb have left Niagara Camp for the Small Arms School at Connaught Ranges to take the practical portion of 'A' and 'B' Wings and Gas Courses.

26th August—

It is with regret to report that Tpr. D. H. Walters has taken his discharge after completing 25 years service with the Regiment. Tpr. Walters enlisted on the 27th Aug. 1905 and served with the Regiment in 1914 and served throughout the war. The Goat wishes him all the success possible in civilian life.

1st September—

The furlough season is on and quite a number of W.Os. N.C.O's. and men are taking advantage of the occasion.

6th September—

Three remounts have been purchased and are posted to "B" Sqn. R.C.D.

7th September—

Trumpeter Major A. E. Galloway has proceeded to St. Johns as in the yearly custom to give several weeks training to the Trumpeters of "A" Squadron.

The Exhibition in Toronto is again a thing of the past. The Musical Ride by "B" Squadron, R. C.D. was once again one of the main attendance in front of the Grand Stand and were vigorously acclaimed every evening after each show.

The Horse Show was held in the Colliseum from the 25th to 30th August. S.M.I. T. A. Aisthorpe, D.C.M., M.A. acted as Ring Master with Mr. T. Leblond in charge of the hitching ring. Trumpeter Maj. Galloway, trumpeter, "B" Sqn. also supplied the men for the jump fatigue.

In the N.C.O's. and Troopers saddle class open to all Nations:

1st Tpr. E. W. Douglass
2nd Corporal J. Siggins
3rd S. S.M.L. Copeland, D.C.M.
4th Sergt. F. A. Green.

In the Military and Mounted Police class Corpl. J. Siggins was 2nd and Tpr. E. W. Douglass 3rd.

Mr. F. W. Powell of Montreal visited the Barracks during the

"Ex" and renewed many old acquaintances.

S/Sgt. and Mrs. W. Tucker, R. C.E. and Q.M.S. and Mrs. W. Huff, C.M.S.C., of Ottawa also attended the "Ex" and paid us a call.

Sixteen junior O.T.C's. of the Public School boys chosen through-England under Major West, late Rifle Brigade stepped off to visit the "Ex" and were put up for the night in Barracks. As far as we could see they were having a glorious time.

13th Septe

The Officers, W who have been attending the C.S. A.S., have finished their various courses and have returned to Toronto.

HORSEMANSHIP IN THE BRITISH ARMY

Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O.

Horse-training, riding and horsemanship has reached a state in the British Army equalled by no other Nation today. In fact the science of horsemanship (which comprises riding, horse-training and care of the horse) has so far gone apace of the other Armies that it is not surprising to learn that other Nations are sending officers to study British methods.

British people have for many centuries been gifted with an in-born and general love for horses, and have possessed horse sense far superior to any other race. This, added to the wonderful limestone districts of England and Ireland, has been responsible for the pre-dominant position that the "British Horse Breeding Industry" has held in the World in the past.

All over the World horse protection "Societies" are controlled, or largely controlled, by Britishers, or those born of British stock. Contrast the case of horses in British Countries with those in Latin Race Countries.

During the Great War the tremendous importance of the economic study of horsemanship necessitated a special branch of the Army being started under the able head of General John Vaughan.

The French Army where horsemanship was positively terrible asked for British Army experts to go and instruct them in the care of horses.

The care of the horse in the Army today is consequently maintained at a very high standard. In keeping this advance with modern times it is only natural that one should expect to see the science of riding, and horse-training brought up to a similar high standard. That this is done there is no doubt in the mind of anyone who has been to the Army Equitation School at Weedon, England.

At the present moment this school is commanded by Brig. R. G. Howard-Vyse, C.M.G., D.S.O. Royal Horse Guards, and the chief instructor is Col. Arthur Brooke, D.S.O. Royal Horse Artillery. (The present command has lately taken over from General A. E. W. Harman C.B., D.S.O. formerly commanding the third Cavalry Division.) There are five assistant officers-instructors.

The objects of the school are to train Officers and N.C.O. pupils on a ten month's course in riding and horse-training, and to train to a very high state of efficiency most of the officers' chargers in the Army. These horses go through a two year course.

That the system at Weedon, is far superior to other schools, and to pre-war methods is proved by the increasing number of successes gained by the pupils and ex-pupils at all the big horse shows.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating" and those who have given the psychology of the horse any deep thought have ample proof at this school of the correct way of training our Equine pupil in marked distinction to the old crude methods of breaking horses, that is still commonly done by the civilian element of so called horse-trainers.

From the first the horse is made to understand that man is his best friend and only the most human, gentle, and slowly progressive methods are used, so that the horse's mind and muscle gradually develop stage by stage, so that at the end of the course, he can jump anything at any pace and do almost nothing short of talk.

There is very rarely ever any cause for a horse to put up any form of Defence. The art of feeding, exercise, grooming and general stable routine is so essentially part of the horse-training, that the smallest details are studied and insisted on. The finished article is in a wonderful physical condition and would credit any Royal Stable.

It gives one the keenest of pleasure to ride the half-trained and the fully trained horses at Weedon. It is impossible to conceive horses that go smoother more gently more willingly.

The riding amongst the N.C.O.'s and Men in the British Army has greatly improved in the past 15-20 years. No longer the long straight leg and the absence of "hands," but all ranks are taught to ride across country with a seat as near that of the "hunting seat" as possible. By this of course is not meant the old style hunting seat of sitting back as the horse rose to a jump and probably "strap-hanging," far from it. The modern pupil does most of his early jumping without the use of reins and consequently develops a good balance with seat. The idea is to make the Cavalryman and all round practical horseman.

For a time in the past it was rightly alleged that Weedon had gone jumping mad and that the British Army might become artificial horse show men like some of the European Nations instead of all round practical horsemen and sportsmen, but happily this has all been rectified. Jumping and show jumping too, is part of the training of both horse and man at Weedon, but show jumping in itself is only a means to an end. The artificial methods practised by those who look upon show jumping as an end in itself does not take the horse very far nor the army that allows it.

The wonderful exhibitions of horsemanship and trick riding at the Royal Tournament, and at Aldershot and other places put on by the Riding Establishment from Weedon, 17/21st Lancers, 3rd Carabineers, 14-20th Hussars and 8th Hussars, furnished wonderful

proof of the excellence of the horsemanship and horsemastership in the Army today. It was most striking the smooth and kindly way all the horses performed their work without any fuss or bother—which is the result of the system of training and riding now taught at Weedon.

General Toby, the property of Major R. S. Timmis, has been destroyed at the age of 16 on account of permanent lameness, resulting from injuries received while jumping. This horse won a large number of "Firsts" at The Royal Horse Show at Toronto, The Canadian National Exhibition Toronto, The Ottawa Horse Show, The Coburg Horse Show, and Other horse shows, during the 8 years he was shown by its owner. He tied with the famous "Bucephalus" (International Champion) one year at Ottawa in the Touch and Out and won the class in the run off. He also went to New York with the Canadian Officers Team in 1927.

COL. RHOADES APPOINTED TO HELP "BURNT-OUT" RETURNED MAN WHO IS SEEKING TO RE-ESTABLISH HIMSELF ECONOMICALLY.

"We are trying to see if we cannot do something in a practical way that will be of real advantage to the unfortunate veteran who can, perhaps, show no visible scar or blemish, but whose spirit has been broken, and whose soul has been 'burned'" said Hon. G. Howard Ferguson, addressing the Labor delegates in announcing the appointment of Colonel William Rhodes to the specific duties of caring for and developing the interests of "returned men" among employers of labor throughout Ontario. "I look forward," concluded the speaker, "to the Province of Ontario in this direction adding to the lustre of its record for what it has endeavored to do for the men who fought for its free existence and unable to get and hold their places in the ranks of competitive industry. 'What is going to be done about this man? I have had the opportunity of discussing this a great deal with returned men, and particularly with the great organization which

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speaks in their name—the Canadian Legion—which, I believe, is the best organization we ever had to handle these problems.

"We are going to appoint a returned man on the Government staff, who will devote all this time to going about among executives and employers in industry, and other employers of labor. He will continuously keep in the forefront of our industrial mind that there is something else in addition to the admitted necessity of efficiency; that our memory should not be as short as twelve years, and that our leaders should be prepared to help. And I am certain that the situation has only to be brought to the vast eye, the understanding eye of the employers in this great Province to be well on the way to solution."

Colonel Rhoades.

"In filling our purpose in this regard we have selected a retired officer—a man who has seen thirty-five years' experience, who began in Winnipeg, saw service in South Africa, saw service in the Great War, came home with appropriate decorations, and has retired from active military life. A man whose contact with men, in fortune and misfortune, in addition to the native force of his own character, eminently fits him for this particular duty. I look forward with high hope," concluded Mr. Ferguson, "to the Province of Ontario in this direction adding to the lustre of its record for what it has endeavored to do for the men who fought for its free existence."

An Envious Record.

Colonel William Rhoades, D.S.O., M.C., Croix de Guerre, was born in Nottingham, England, on September, 15, 1874. He completed 35 years of continuous service in the permanent forces of Canada in October, 1929. His tour of duty, from his enlistment as a trooper in the Royal Canadian Dragoons at Fort Osborne, Winnipeg, embraced service in the Yukon, Field Force, South African War and the Great War. He earned promotion as non-commissioned officer during his service in the permanent forces, and his record of service is marked by periodical advancement in rank. For some years immediately prior to the Great War, he was riding master at the Royal Military College, Kingston.

Won Many Decorations.

He distinguished himself in the South African campaign as a non-commissioned officer and as an officer in the Great War. He was awarded the South African Medal with five clasps, representing five distinct engagements. In France he served as Adjutant and also as second in command of his regiment, and subsequently as officer commanding the Fifth Canadian Mounted Rifles. During the last 100 days of the war he led his regiment with success in many decisive engagements. He was twice wounded, and for his service throughout the war was awarded many decorations. To his D.S.O. was added the bar.

After his return to Canada he rejoined the R.C.D.'s and was employed as staff officer by the Department of National Defense in M.D. No. 2, Toronto, as A.A. and Q.M.G., which post he held until his retirement in October 1929.

Former Comrade's Tribute.

Brig.-Gen. Draper who is a personal and military friend of Colonel Rhoades, said.

"I am sure that the many friends of Colonel Rhoades in Military District No. 2, Toronto, will be elated to know of his appointment. He served continuously in the front line, coming over in the autumn of 1915, and, while he had several offers of appointments to the staff of divisions, which lent the same chance for advancement as the front line, he chose to stay in the latter until the end of the war. His service was invaluable in training and in battle engagements."

Splendid Feats at the Ottawa Exhibition.

The exhibition of horsemanship at the Ottawa Exhibition horse show, though not as long as formerly, excelled in the thrilling daring and excellence of the performance of the beautiful mounts.

The sleek-groomed backs of the horses gleamed a dusky brown and glossy black, as they paraded around on the tanbark to the enjoyment of a vast crowd who showed their appreciation of the sight by staying until the last horse had been led from the arena in the last class to be judged in competition.

The military jumping class for permanent and non-permanent mi-

litia and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police held the attention of the great crowd for a long time, the flashing uniforms of the latter never seeming to lose their appeal for the public. A greater crowd witnessed the horse show than on any other exhibition in the past.

Jumping was the feature of the Horse Show programme in the Coliseum, and as it was the attraction it was witnessed by a huge crowd which occupied every available seat and packed the ringside three deep. Some splendid performances were seen especially in the class for members of the permanent and non-permanent militia. In this event Capt. S. C. Bate's Golden Gleam, ridden by Tpr. Morgan, gave the audience the thrill of the evening. This horse faultlessly ridden, succeeded in clearing all obstacles without a fault, and it was a very popular decision with the audience, when he won the red ribbon for first and the blue ribbon for second.

In the jumping for green hunters, Capt. S. C. Bate was again the winner, his fine jumper Gigolo putting up a splendid performance.

Altogether Capt. S. C. Bate, won 17 honors.

The following are Capt. S. C.

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Bate's entries, and the number of ribbons he won.

Golden Gleam:

- 3rd—Ladies Hunters.
- 4th—Touch and out Jumping Class.
- 1st—Open Military Jumping.

Gigolo:

- 1st—Lightweight Hunters.
- 1st—Green Hunters. (Open)
- Champion Hunter of the Show.

Golden Melody:

- 4th—Heavyweight Hunters.
- 5th—Triple Bar Jumping Class
- 3rd—Open to all 5ft Performance Class.
- 4th—Pair Jumping Class.
- 2nd—Open Military Class.

Bachelor's Gold:

- 1st—Novice Saddle Horses—Reserve Champion Saddle Horse of the Show.
- 4th—Lightweight Hunters.
- 3rd—Triple Bar Jumping Class.
- 4th—Open to all 5ft Performance Class.

THE CHARGE OF THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY BRIGADE AT "KASSASSIA" AND "TEL-EL-KEBIR," EGYPT, 1882.

By T. D. Masey

As the distinguished Regiment with which the Royal Canadian Dragoons are affiliated, is, at the present time in Egypt and in view of the recent political troubles there, I am tempted to write this, hoping it may be of interest to some of your reader—I remember the whole occurrence well myself—In the first place to get a clear idea why the British Government established garrisons in Egypt, it is necessary to go back to the year 1882, when serious political troubles arose; organized, by Agitators, the principle one being an Army Officer by the name of "Arabi Pasha". He defied the Khedive's authority after riots and a massacre of Europeans at the town of Alexandria on the Coast, he set himself up as Dictator with the Egyptian Army to back him up. The Egyptian Army thought Arabi infallible, and could not be beaten. The British and French Governments up to 1882, had a dual control of affairs in Egypt; but on this embarrassing situation arising, France hesitated in taking action, and ultimately

backed out of any share or responsibility of interference, so it was left to the British Government to act alone, especially as the Suez Canal might be destroyed, which at that time, was the short cut to the Indian Empire.

The Mediterranean Squadron, was ordered to proceed to "Alexandria," and bombard the Forts to a surrender, then to land Sailors and Marines, to protect life and property, restore order and confidence, and put out fires—also some British and Indian Troops at "Cyprus" and "Malta" were sent as a temporary garrison until the Expeditionary Force from England arrived.

Admiral B. Seymour, anchored his big ships outside, and along the Harbour front, but sent in a Gunboat named the "Condor" Captain Charles Beresford, to bombard the forts at close range this the "Condor" successfully accomplished—as "Arabi's" big guns could not be sufficiently depressed, to hit such a small target.

Meanwhile the big ships got down to business, and soon made a mess of all the Forts, and the earthwork outside the town—July 11th to July 12th. After the two days bombardment the ships landed their parties.

With the approval of a "Liberal Government," the C-in Chief the Duke of Cambridge, organized an Expeditionary Force, and appointed a distinguished officer named Sir Garnet Wolseley,—then Adjt.-Gen. to command it July 3rd.

Lt.-Gen. Sir Garnet Wolseley, and a staff of his selected officers were soon busy at the old War Office, Pal-Mall, and planned a speedy, and successful campaign—it lasted four months—and was carried out in schedule time and almost to the last detail. The Prince of Wales (the late King Edward) volunteered to go with the Force, but the British Government did not think it wise to consent; but his brother Patrick, The Duke of Connaught, (much against the wishes of his Mother (Queen Victoria) was allowed to proceed and was given the Command of the Brigade of Foot Guards, and was under fire at the battle of "Tel-el-Kebir."

The Cavalry of the Expeditionary Force, consisted of a Composite Regiment of Household Cavalry,, the 4th and 7th Dragoon

Guards, and 19th Hussars, (employed independently) and three Regiments of India Cavalry, and one Squadron 10th Hussars under General Wilkinson. The 1st and 2nd Life Guards, and Royal Horse Guards each supplied 153 N.C. O's. and Troopers, and 6 Officers, making a Regiment of 500 for Active Service.

The Brigadier Generals chosen, were two of the finest Cavalry leaders in the British Army—Maj. Gen. Drury Lowe, 17th Lancers (South Africa) and Colonel Sir Baker Russell, 13th Hussars (Ind.) my own brothers Regiment, when in India. Colonel Ewart of the 2nd Life Guards (B. 1838) who had been in the regiment since 1858, and was senior to Sir Baker Russell, graciously waved his right to be made a Brigadier, in favour of the younger and more up to date Cavalry leader.—In doing this, it allowed Col. Ewart to retain Command of his Life Guards.

A few of the most prominent officers of the Composite Regiment were: Major The Hon. Reg. Talbot, 1st Life Guards, of Handsome Cah fame; Major Townshend, 2 Life Guards; Col. Milne Hume, 2nd in command of the Royal Horse Guards. Capt. Brocklehurst, R.H. Gds. Lieut. Sir J. Willoughby, R.H. Gds. who figured in the Jamieson Raid in 1896, and was one of the officers condemned to death by President Kruger's Government.

Many of the officers of this Composite regiment were killed when serving in the Camel Corps of "Heavies," in Egypt in 1884, and the Sudan.

The dress, and equipment, of the Ex-Force formed an important epoch, in the history of dress of the Cavalry, especially—thanks to Sir Garnet Wolseley; the brown Pith Helmets, had hung over them a large quilted brown Cotton Spine protector, being padded with Cotton batting, and formed an insulator to the Sun's intense rays. It covered the back of the neck, and shoulders. Green Gauze Veils, and Goggles for Sand, and Sun glare—Serges as the nights were bitterly cold.—Red, for the Life Guards, and Blue for the R.H.Gds., Blue Serge Breeches, with red stripes, Blue Puttees, Boots, Belts and Gauntlets, filsters and pocket service knives, Lanyards and Waterbottles. The freshly ground Swords had wooden

scabbards, to retain their edge better, and were covered with brown leather, and worn in a frog.

If I can remember correctly Carbines were not carried in the Desert.

The officers wore the same helmets as the troopers, with green pugaries. Sam Brown belts, large brown revolver holsters, brown gauntlets and sword frogs, brown sword knots and scabbards, and carried their long Cavalry swords. Serges, white or drab riding breeches, made of Cord, or Drill and they also carried a long white fly swish, the same as that carried by the Indian Cavalry and wore brown top boots.

The horses were equipped with hay nets, and plaited cord, brow fringes, to keep the millions of flies out of their eyes. The Life Guard Squadrons were inspected by their Colonel-in-Chief the Prince of Wales, at Windsor on July 31st, and embarked on Aug. 1st, on two ships which took the regiment out.

The second ship left dock Aug. 3rd and carried the G.O.C. Sir Garnet Wolseley, who had been ordered by his doctors to take a long sea voyage, to recuperate his health. He landed at Alexandria Aug. 16th., and made his base at "Ismalia" which was about 300 miles east of Alexandria, and about the middle of the Suez Canal—this was a secret plan of his.—After some fighting Ismailia was occupied by the British on Aug. 20th. The General's scheme was to cut off, capture or destroy all of Arabi's troops from Alexandria to Ismailia before they could reach Cairo, or damage the Canal or Water supplies, so he worked West and started at the Suez Canal on Aug. 24th and 25th. The two Squadrons of Life Guards, with two guns of the R.H.A. charged the Egyptian Troops. It was the first time they had been in action since "Waterloo" 67 years previously. On Aug. 28th General Graham was at a place called "Kassassin" (a lock, on a Canal) with him were the 4th Dragoon Guards; guns Infantry, Mounted Infantry, and 19th Hussars. On September 9th, he was attacked for the second time by Arabi Pasha (who had been repelled temporary) General Drury Lowe was at this time at a place he had taken called "Masahma" (4 miles from Kassassin) which he had taken on August 25th after

some fighting. Arabi, knew that if he did not renew his attack on General Graham's Forces very soon he would have a bigger force to contend with so he made another advance. At the first alarm at dawn, Gen. Drury Lowe, turned out with the 7th Dragoon Guards, and 4 Guns and marched for the Enemy's left flank, finding the Artillery firing was distant and died out he returned to his Camp at 1 p.m.

At 4.30 p.m. came a helio to him from General Graham that the Enemy were advancing in force. At 5.30 p.m. this helio was confirmed by a "Galloper", Lieut. Pirie, 4th Dragoon Guards, who later transferred to the 1st Life Guards. He gave General Drury Lowe the impression that General Graham, was going to be hard pressed, and would not be able to hold his own,—he found the General ready to march immediately and take the Enemy on the left flank as previously requested by General Graham.

To be continued.

DEDICATED TO THOSE TO WHOM IT APPLIES

Let the other fellow squak
Just keep mum
Listen to his line of talk
Just keep mum
When misfortune comes to you
Chances are that you'll pull through
But if hard luck is your due
Just keep mum
If you really want to win
Just keep mum
Put the damper on your chin
and keep mum
Nurse a regular fellow's hunch
Get right in there with the bunch
Short on gab—But strong on punch and keep mum
Although talks within the law
you keep mum
Much is lost by too much jaw
Just keep mum
Here's a lesson good as gold
Proven since the days of old
Hot air's useless when it's cold
Just keep mum

Heroism is the brilliant triumph of the soul over the flesh, that is to say over fear—fear of poverty, of suffering, of calumny, of illness of loneliness and of death.—Amiel.



Returned from Scotland:—Regimental Sergt. Major Whiteacre, 38th Ottawa Regiment has returned from a trip to Scotland, where he was attached to the Cameron Highlanders at Edinburgh Castle. The Ottawa regiment is affiliated with the Cameron and the Regimental, was very well taken care of by the sister unit. During his trip abroad he re-visited the battlefields.

At Connaught:—Captain M. H. A. Drury and Captain L. D. Hammond, R.C.D., are at the Small Arms School at Connaught Ranges. The course this year is under direction of Lieut.-Col. Archambault the Royal 22nd Regiment and regimental staff of the unit are also in camp with the regiment.

Did Class Firing:—Taking advantage of Labor Day the 38th Ottawa Highlanders put in a busy day at Connaught Ranges doing their annual classification. Courses were shot over the ranges and the machine gun personal were given full power to do all the damage to the targets that they could.

Parliament Opens:—The special session of Parliament to deal with the unemployment problem got away to a good start on the 8th instant. All official Ottawa attended at the Senate when His Excellency the Governor General came down from Rideau Hall to deliver the Speech from the Throne. The P.L.D.G. escort was as usual smartly turned out and was under command of Lieut. M. B. K. Gordon with Lieut. J. M. C. Gamble as second in command. The Guards furnished the Guard of Honor and were under command of Major W. Mackintosh. The 1st Battery C.F.A., under Major H. R. Dale-Harris fired the salute. Inside the Chamber Officers from Headquarters and local units escorted the Governor to the Chamber. Lieut.-Col. Harry Coghill, recently appointed Sergeant at Arms officiated for the first time. The

new speaker is Captain George Black, who has represented the Yukon for a number of terms and who saw considerable service in the late war.

Cavalry Convention:—The annual meeting of the Canadian Cavalry Association will be held in Ottawa in the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards mess, on the 6th and 7th of October.

Night Firing:—A very spectacular demonstration of night firing by machine guns using tracer bullets was given by the Canadian Small Arms School on the evening of the 4th instant. A large number of military men motored out from Ottawa to watch the show and many favorable comments were heard on the work done. The night was clear and cold with a moon and a more perfect setting could not be imagined.

Back to Toronto:—Major-General and Mrs. E. C. Ashton, who have been spending the summer at the Lodge at Connaught have gone back to Toronto for the winter.

Fall Training:—The 38th Ottawa Highlanders are finishing up their fall training and apart from that there is no activity in the garrison. Soon lectures will start and the programme of indoor sports including boxing, baseball and musketry will commence.

What R-100 Seemed To Say To Us.

By Kate Burr

I was just waking from a delicious slumber in a blue guest room at Niagara-on-the-Lake when I heard a commotion through the house below.

A quick spring from bed, a glance at my watch, no—that is not the musical gong which calls to breakfast.

"Come, come!" cried my host at the foot of the wide staircase—

"The airship is here!"

Grabbing frantically for shoes, drawing on one silk stocking and throwing a Japanese robe around me I took the stairs three steps at a bound and landed in the wide-open space of the putting ground just behind my host and just ahead of a procession in various degrees of dishabille.

My hostess, who had been interrupted in the midst of her toilet, wore her hair entrancingly down her back, one of the house guests of masculine persuasion was without collar and tie and another was adorned with a business suit and bath slippers.

But none of us cared for any remissness in dress.

Our eyes were fixed on the R-100 floating so low above us that we needed no field glasses of a thoughtful hostess to give us full view of the great silver fish in the ambient sea of air.

She seemed a glorious reality—a shining invader—in contrast to the gray ghost of the ill-fated Shenandoah, that marvelous airship of the United States which fell before the attack of a terrible twister in Ohio's tornado belt and carried her commander and crew with her to death.

There was a misty beauty about the Shenandoah as she disappeared over Hotel Lafayette while thousands gazed upward in gaping admiration.

But the R-100, ocean-seasoned, storm-ridden, adventure proven spelled power with mystery behind, told the story of Neptune conquered and the world for a footstool.

And as she passed slowly over the fruited gardens out of Lake Ontario, which had been angry the night before but whose white foams had become dancing waves in the morning, I wondered if she were in motion at all.

Then, through the glasses thrust in my hands, I saw the near propeller in the huge fin, making what appeared to be several thousand revolutions a minute and I realized that the R-100 was as deceptive in her locomotion as other phases of modern life are in theirs.

The splendid transport of the air looked down upon us pigmies in the flower-bordered field—not with contempt, I imagined, but with sympathy and fellowship.

She seemed to say, "You cannot do this, you cannot buffet ocean

storms, you are not equipped for it. But you can battle in your own province, for your own ideals, and you conquer a blacker sea than we—the sea of despair!"

By and by as we stood there, stockingless, shoeless, some of us, forgetting breakfast or after-breakfast engagement, R-100 slowly turned and her pilot pointed her nose up the river toward the States with whom her government has held peace troth for a hundred years.

The Niagara, broad-bosomed and shadow-planted, was as majestic a sight as lovely a sight, as the passengers of the R-100 will see on many a journey.

And we, in Canada, when she faded away beyond our limited horizon, hoped she would show her brilliance, her mystery, her power, across the border, to cement by her presence that goodwill which solidifies nations.

"Coffee is cooling", called the hostess and with no magnet longer to draw our eyes to the skies, we turned them earthward and hastily donned clothing suitable to a guest breakfast in a lovely coun-

try house.

But we shall not soon forget R-100.

After reading that Article in the "Buffalo Times" an Old Comrade of ours who was the recipient of a piece of the covering of of the R-Hundred's damaged fin, thought he would make a special journey and interview "Kate Burr", before leaving he presented this lady with a piece of his souvenir. The following is her thanks and appreciation.

THE THRILL OF A SILVERED SYMBOL

By Kate Burr

Just now I have a thrill over a square of silk and rubber-backed aluminum painted material.

Why?

Because this torn piece of the fin of the "R-Hundred," as they speak of it in England, if personified, could tell a story of daring and peril that would have stilled heart-beats ten years ago.

Even thrills are becoming commonplace today.

The men who mended that fin temporarily over mid-ocean and in the clouds looked death in the face while they were performing the till recently unknown feat.

But Floyd Bennett grinned at death in that same manner in the Arctic wastes and thereby saved the Byrd expedition to fly over the North Pole.

The thrills have not become so common, however, that I failed to respond with something of emotion to the gift of the square of ocean-baptized silk-aluminum covering of the R-Hundred's great fin.

The valued souvenir comes by way of Montreal (where damage was repaired) through a trooper of the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

He in turn handed a piece of his on to a member of the Old Comrades Association of this same seasoned Canadian regiment, who gave it to me because of the story I wrote in this column on August 12.

Of course I'm "tickled pink" at being the recipient of the treasure, wind-tattered by the capacious ocean.

Many Buffalonians know the

former commander of the Royal Canadians in the World war. He is General Nelles of Niagara-on-the-Lake. The regiment was badly hit overseas, and a memorial tablet in Amiens Cathedral testifies to the slaughter in 1915, '16, '17, '18 of officers and men of this On-the-Front regiment in France. The R.C.D.'s themselves placed the tablet in honor of their comrades who gave up their lives.

"A" Squadron visited the Rochester Exposition with its famous Musical Ride under Capt. Berteau. Its members are stationed at St. Johns, Quebec, and a detail of them were on duty at the St. Hubert airport near Montreal during the time R-Hundred was hung up for repairs after her strenuous ocean voyage.

To some people—to many perhaps—the piece of silvered cloth which was removed from the damaged fin would mean just a piece of material, unusual but cloth at that.

But to others it would bring the scent of exploration, the tang of the north winds, the sweep of waves, the fog-curtain—strangeness,

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SOLDIERING.

By F. W. Powell

adventure a great deal beside.

The time may come, will undoubtedly come, when great ghosts of the air floating in space, will be as numerous as the planes that cleave the over-head today.

When dirigible travel is as common as that, the thrill may be gone from this silvered journeyer along unknown airways.

Sometimes I wonder a little at this depreciation of values through duplication.

If diamonds were sprinkled over the lawns like dewdrops their prism of colors would shine with the same bedazzlement.

Babies are as common as dandelions, but who loves the baby less.

A good wife, the great Book says, "Is above rubies," but does the ordinary husband place a more exorbitant value upon her virtues because of their uncommonness.

The argument works both ways, but after all, I shall never—it now seems to me—look skyward to any great, silent, floating ghost of a ship without the same thrill of awe I experienced when I watched R-Hundred dipping from sight beyond our "limited horizon."

The next time R-Hundred makes that long-distance flight may she visit our shores, separated only by lakes and noble rivers from that domain to which she belongs, and bring us that interchangeable goodwill of England to America, of the United States and Canada.

Meanwhile I am rejoicing in that silvered symbol—

These articles were taken from the Buffalo Times, August 29, 1930.

FROM GLOOMY QUS. C.B.

(Ten Days)

I went to the stables and got quite a fright
When my long faced chum Mable she kick an' she bite
I grabbed up my fitch-fork an' gave her one blow
In come Maj. Timmis an' stopped my "furrow."

Game to the Last

Now that a golfer's ashes have been scattered on his favourite links we may expect some bridge player will ask to be buried with simple honours.

Taxation's To-day!

The ascent of Snowden.

After reading backwards it strikes me that this is becoming very dull and dreary to those who had not the good fortune to be with us during this unforgettable period, so I herewith give notice that what follows will be no brighter. This will give the bored reader the opportunity of proceeding with me no farther. He may break off and smoke until we come to more pleasant spots in our journey through the war. At the moment we are in the doldrums, so either come or stay just as you prefer and my blessing on you.

A few days was spent in the dismal precincts of Suzanne and then we again made tracks backwards in weather most vile and unpleasant. Besides all this it seemed that always were we revenously hungry. What a difference a full stomach makes to the moral of a group of men! However we are told we are not the only sufferers. The enemy is even worse off. We accept what little comfort there is to be gathered from this piece of information and continue to hope for the time to come again when with distended bellies we can lay back in sheer sensual joy and await the coming of those who alone can comfort men for so long deprived of that which makes life worth living. What a hope!!

Monchy Lagache is the next stopping place. Those who arrange these things have done themselves proud, for this spot is as bare and barren as one could ever hope to see. Not a house within sight and not a canteen within reach—and it is here, above all places that we are given the semi-monthly pay. This is generally good. For the first time in life I realize the utter uselessness of money in itself. All one can do with it is play poker. I note with interest that this is one of the rare occasions when luck is with me. Can't lose. Seems that I've never before had so much money in my possession. What a joke. Bags of money and I'd give it all for a packet of biscuits. For all that I know that before civilization is again encountered my ill-gotten gains, together with the little of my own will have found their way back into the pockets of those from whom I won. Curses

sez I.

We had grown accustomed to the monotony of life in general when joy came most unexpectedly. Were exercising horses when Ben Murray, the regimental runner suddenly appeared mounted upon a bicycle. He seemed sort of excited as he handed a note to the officer in charge, who, immediately gave orders for us to about turn and gallop back to camp. The enemy was making a determined advance and it was up to us to stop 'em. Good. Splendid. Misery and hunger were forgotten in the excitement ready to move off immediately. Could, but refrain from dilating on the consequential confusion. Those who were there know all about it and those who were not will miss nothing by remaining in ignorance. People yelled at us to hurry but what a waste of energy. We were more than anxious to get away from this choice locality.

The regiment was quick on the move. No unnecessary kit was carried. In rushes like this one always "ditches" the wrong thing and makes the discovery when it is too late that some most important article has been left behind for the next batch of soldiers who occupy our old quarters. Instead he is packing along something utterly useless. This is promptly cast from him and he finds himself out of luck so to speak throughout the show. However, to resume. We arrived first at the rendez-vous (could say 'meeting place' were this term not considered too intelligible to the average Tommy.) Rendez-vous is the military term employed so always the good soldier I obey orders. Some considerable time was wasted before the rest of the Brigade appeared and in this brief period it was found that the first enthusiasm had sort of cooled off and one fell to wondering just that it was all about. People who knew as little as ourselves told how the enemy had broken through on a large scale and that the whole front was in rapid retreat. This we believed and the prospect of what we were in for on this cold December morning did not appear so very enticing after all. Those dirty old huts

at Monchy Lagache were not so bad. In fact they now seemed most desirable places for permanent residence.

The Brigade got under way at 10.30 and proceeded at a fast pace right up as far as Epohy. En route we are made more or less "au fait" by stragglers who tell all manner of weird stories. The enemy really has broken through and the situation is serious. Excitement breaks out a new and all other sensations are forgotten for the time being. The sun was just sinking when our destination was reached. Had not dismounted when Paul, who was riding beside me, gave an awful groan and pitched out of his saddle. This was an unfortunate start. Leaving someone to attend to him we proceeded on our way. Bullets were flying fast and thick but there was very little shell-fire which seemed to indicate that the enemy was very close indeed.

Just what the fellows did that night I know not for it was my luck to be horse-holder. Sound rather comforting and pleasant but I can assure you there are many better jobs to be had in war-time than hanging on to four excited and hungry horses. Understand that this was one of the few occasions when our chaps made grimmer use of the bayonet than heretofore—instead of a toasting fork it was something with which to do damage.

Come to think of it have no clear recollection of what happened throughout the three days this show lasted. All I do know is that we were really in action all that time and—best of all—the rather despised cavalry had brought to a standstill the rapid advance of the enemy. We suffered many casualties—endured great hardships but for all that derived the greatest satisfaction in realizing that we had played a most important part in this "lively" war.

The weather was cold but bright throughout the show. Things seem never quite as dreary when the sun is shining.

Having done all that was expected of us it was found advisable to give us a bit of a "rest." For three days we've had practically no sleep and both men and horses are pretty well crocked up. Roisel was the chosen resting place. On the way I hear that poor old Paul is badly wounded and am distressed for he

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is one of the few cheerful sort of campaigners who have been with us since the commencement. Colonel Doherty of the Strathconas was killed during the show.

Roisel proves to be a ruin—but—possesses an admirable Expeditionary Force Canteen. It is Monday when we arrive. Last Friday they were preparing to evacuate. So surely has the enemy been stopped that they are again securely established in Roisel, for which Heaven be praised. There is also a Y. M.C.A. marquee. It is warm and dry and that's about all I have to say about it for my prejudice against this organization has not lessened as time goes on and I see more of them. No doubt it is a very admirable organization—certainly a most profitable one—but so far in the game I have failed to encounter any marked symptoms of the only sort of Christianity I understand—ergo—universal brotherhood and all that sort of thing. Generally the attendants are quite "uppish" to buck privates, and, because condescension and myself have ever been bitter enemies I cannot truthfully profess the least love of respect for those against whom I now speak. The Canteen was another quite different story. Gorgeous place. Here was everything the heart could wish for provided one had enough money. Prices very reasonable and nice jolly sort of people to sell things. Liked this Canteen immensely and if I never share in the profit accruing therefrom will refrain from raising up my voice in protest for always did I receive full value for my money.

The weather breaks and along comes intense cold with accompanying dullness. Heavy frosts at night. Horses are in the open. Poor brutes. No matter how hard-hearted the man he cannot help but feel sorry for these trusty old mokes who have carried on so well with not a single spark of brightness. No enateens for them. Their forage is neither plentiful nor good. So obvious is their suffering that one really hates to throw the saddle over their backs. Mine. Laddle sinks right down to his knees under the load and seems quite indifferent as to whether or not he gets up again.

Throughout the day enemy planes buzz about and our anti's seem to have no deterrent effect on their progress. They grow quite bold

and we were much amazed one afternoon to see a huge Gotha above us escorted by four smaller machines. He dropped about a dozen bombs amongst us but none were killed although a few unfortunates were wounded. Another day, in broad daylight, a small machine swooped out of nowhere and set fire to one of our sausage balloons. A flock of our machine appeared just as suddenly but failed in their attempt to prevent this bold German from regaining his lines. The two surprised occupants of the balloon made safe descents with parachutes.

We had seen no papers for some considerable time and were much surprised to learn that a General Election was about to take place in Canada and that the soldier were to vote. Nobody knows how the thing was circulated but we seemed to understand that the whole election hinged on the question of Conscription. The Laurier Government was opposed to this form of raising armies and threatened that should it be returned to power there would be no further re-inforcements for the Canadians. Whether this was the opinion only of the men in the ranks I know not, neither do I know how the supposition was created, but I do know that the vote of the soldier was governed by this possibility. Consequently most of us voted for the Borden Government. Really it was selfishness that ruled us in this choice. We had for a long while cherished the idea that the time was rapidly approaching when those who had been overseas for any considerable time would be returned to Canada for home defence. Consequently if the supply of reinforcements was cut off it would simply mean sticking here in France until the end of the war for there would be none to replace us. This may have been political propaganda. Most probably it was simply the personal opinion of the men with whom I mixed—men who were as ignorant of conditions governing Canada at the time as they were of the outcome of the war; but at all events I do know that we all voted the same way for the self-same reason. Conscription. Wonder how right we were?

Your Friend's Wife

You know how she looks, without seeing her, if he brags about her wonderful mind.

Letters to the Editor.

1407 Drummond St.
Montreal.
September 19th, 1930

To the Editor
"The Goat"
St. Johns, Que.

Dear Sir:

Now that the holiday period is over and most of us are settled down for the Winter I venture to again bring up the question of Old Comrades. To me it seems a great pity that so little attention or publicity is given to the matter and I would like very much to know the feelings of all ex-members of the regiment in regard to it.

For several years half-hearted attempts have been made to bring together the old comrades in this district, attempts which to date have brought not even a luke-warm interest.

It is difficult to say why this should be, for, no doubt, the serving members in St. Johns have done their best to make the thing a success. But this best is apparently not good enough, that is, provided one judges by results.

It seems that the matter lies in the hands of the ex-members of the regiment. Do they wish to hang together? Do they wish to keep alive the memories and associations that should mean so much to all of us?

This is the reason for my letter. Will the civilians say whether or not they are in favour of an Old Comrades Association. If there are insufficient R.C.D's resident in Montreal and district to make it worth while, could we not make it a Brigade Association?

Whatever I can possibly do towards the promotion and maintenance of anything along these lines will give me great pleasure.

At all events, will the ex-people please express their opinions on the matter?

Yours truly,
Fred W. Powell.

APPRECIATION

Major Baty, Camp Commandant,
St. Hubert, P.Q.

My dear Major Baty:—

Before leaving St. Hubert, I feel I must write and thank you and your officers for your great kindness to all on board R-100 during our stay at this airport.

The kindness and courtesy extended to us by all your officers has been very much appreciated. We have enjoyed our visit immensely, and I hope to see you again with one of our airships at this port before very many months.

With kind regards, believe me
(Signed) Wing Commander,
R. B. R. Colemore, O.B.E.
Dir. Airship Development.

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(Clippings from the "American Press" on our efforts at the Rochester, N.Y., Horse Show.)

CANADIAN DRAGOONS GIVE 'MUSICAL RIDE' FOR GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT AND TORONTO JUMPERS WIN FIVE OUT OF SIX CONTESTS.

A number of splendid harness classes, several interesting saddle events, the best jumping of the week, and a day which might have been made to order, made yesterday's session of the Rochester Horse Show something to be remembered by every person who visited the oval.

It was as if the horses and the weather outdid themselves for Governor Roosevelt, who was the guest of honor and an interested spectator for some time. Escorted by a detachment of the 121st Cavalry, he was driven around the ring and then watched the show from his car, parked in the promenade near the Tea Tent.

Dragoons Drill for Governor

The Royal Canadian Dragoons put on their musical drill for the Governor's entertainment, and gave an exhibition that was enough to stir the hearts even of persons who had seen them perform twice before. The men in their spectacular uniforms and the horses that seemed almost human in intelligence were enough to stop the show.

But while the appearance of the Governor and the dragoons was the big moment of the day, the show horses furnished plenty of entertainment. There were three entries which made double wins, and, to the delight of the crowd,

all were handled by feminine exhibitors.

Under command of Capt. G. F. Berteau, "A" Squadron of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, noted unit of the Canadian Cavalry, arrived at Edgerton Park Saturday night August 30th, drilled at the park in preparation for the opening of its week's engagement in the Horse Show ring this afternoon September 1st.

The Cavalry unit, which came directly from the dragoons' headquarters at St. Johns, Que., comprised, besides Captain Berteau, thirty-eight men and thirty-six horses. A medical officer, Capt. H. Cameron, will join the outfit today, September 1st.

Distinguished Military Record

A historical organization, the origin of which dates back to the early years of the Nineteenth Century, the dragoons have a long and distinguished record of military service.

In the appearance each day in the Horse Show ring, where they will give an exhibition which is known as the "musical ride", the dragoons will offer a colorful picture. The men wear uniforms of red tunics with yellow piping at the sleeves, shoulders, and collars, blue pantaloons, and jack boots. Each man wears a brass helmet with a black plume, and all will carry lances and swords.

The uniform of Captain Berteau is similar to that of the men, except that his tunic is trimmed with gold braid, and his helmet is of gold plate. He wears a gold belt and a silver pouch. Helmets of men and officers are adorned with a spring buck, the insignia of the Dragoons.

Will Ride to Music

Thirty-two men and Captain Berteau will be seen in the musical ride. All of their manoeuvres will be in cadence with music. The unit will enter at the trot, to the air of "the March of the Wooden Soldiers," and will go into the canter to the strains of "The Whistler and His Dog."

The passage will be accomplished to the waltz air of "Three O'Clock in the Morning." At the conclusion of the drill, the cavalry will go into a charge, the unit divided into two rows of sixteen men each. This is said to be the

most spectacular movement in the drill.

The men of the dragoons are clean cut, military appearing fellows, who typify the most romantic conception of the real cavalryman. They are quartered in temporary barracks not far from the Horse Show paddock, and the horses are stabled in a large tent. This area, which has been fenced off, is known as Dragoon Park.

Mare Ridden by Prince

The horses used by the men have all been trained and broken by the dragoons, and several of them have been shown as jumpers in horse shows. One of the mounts, a beautiful chestnut mare, was ridden by the Prince of Wales when he visited Canada in 1919. Robert, a chestnut gelding ridden by Captain Berteau, is one of the prize horses of the outfit.

Elmer E. Fairchild, president and William B. Boothby, president of the Rochester Exposition, and members of the Horse Show Committee, greeted the dragoons on their arrival at Edgerton Park Saturday night, August 30th.

The dragoons' drill, which occupies about twenty minutes, will take place each afternoon at 3.25 beginning today, September 1st.

Mr. Allen and Mr. Weis, throughout the afternoon, were moving cots into the small barracks that will house the members of "A" Squadron, Royal Canadian Dragoons, and making up the beds.

The Dragoons arrived at 9.30 last night, August 29th, and were quartered at the park. This morning they will put their equipment in order and some time today will have a practice drill in preparation for their first appearance tomorrow afternoon.

Rochester Cavalry Reserve Officers will be hosts tomorrow evening at a dinner at the University Club to officers of the Royal Can-

adian Dragoons, crack drill troop, which gives its "musical ride" every afternoon in the Horse Show arena. Arrangements are being made by Colonel H. R. Smalley, of the local reserve officer's group.

The Royal Canadian Dragoons, thirty-two expert riders, present a colorful sight as they trot their horses into the arena. The riders are dressed in scarlet coats with blue riding breeches striped with yellow. Glistening in the afternoon sunlight are their shining brass helmets. Each rider carries a red and white pennant.

Precision Exact

After riding down to the end of the paddock and then turning back in groups of four and eight. Their precision is exact, their pace perfect. Then they form two pivots followed by an astonishingly well-timed criss-cross which leaves the spectators in a practical daze.

The climax comes when the dragoons with pointed spears charge down the arena, throughout their entire performance, the Park Band plays a series of march numbers. The ride is truly a marvelous spectacle of expert horsemanship.

Dragoons on Show

Governor Roosevelt and his party were to be at the Horse Show

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during the musical ride of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, a thrilling spectacle in each day's program.

The crowd was generous with applause throughout the afternoon. This was apparent during the musical ride of the Royal Canadian Dragoons. They are about the most popular outfit the exposition management ever brought to the show.

Governor Roosevelt and his offi-

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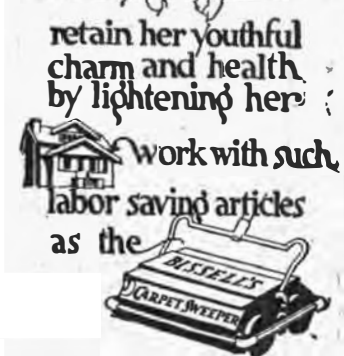
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cial party arrived during the saddle horse event and remained to witness the thrilling musical ride of the Royal Canadian Dragoons. This ride with its splendid rhythmic horsemanship loses nothing by repetition. The governor's party left immediately after the ride.

During the charge of the Royal Canadian Dragoon, the flying hoofs of the horses tore the paddock turf to bits in many places. One golf-minded spectator asked who would replace the divots.

An Old Comrade Sees

HIS
OLD SQUADRON 'IN ACTION'
AT THE ROCHESTER
"EXPO."

By J. F. Cavanaugh

Watch 'yer step! Watch 'yer step!

That was the ceaseless cry of the icy-eyed and hard-boiled to boot Rochester tramcar conductor of the "Dewey" line for answer to this humble scrivener's prayer for dope anent whereabouts of the "Expo" grounds wherein, for sooth, lay ye bivouac of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, as proclaimed by the gay placard reposing upon the battered brow of his motorized ex-horse-drawn contraption of the "Whippetree age."

"'Sright there infront 'uf 'ye, son, if 'you'd look fer it," rasped the "Commandant" of the ancient bit of equipment taken from the Company's archives and pressed into service to assist in transporting the throngs attracted of the city by the R.C.D.'s, his voice husky from repeating over and over and anon, to old and young, sure-footed and infirm; Dragoon and civilian alike, his nerve-tormenting admonition of "Watch 'yer step, watch 'yer step!"

Our host was right, sure enough. For right infront of us, like the proverbial "pearly gate," loomed eight beautiful shafts of snowy marble marking the main portal of the famous Rochester "Expo." "It won't be long now," we were thinking to ourselves as we bade a fond farewell to a half section of shiny half dollars that went clattering down the zig-zag maw of the hungry tollbox, "before our cherished dream of again mixing with precious old 'A' Squadron would be realized."

Nor was it. For once inside the place, however, locating the apple of our eye was a simple matter. But alas, except for the three Union Jacks that waved majestically between the two American flags which fluttered a-top their staffs at either ends of the "big top" housing the Ride's sleek horses; an array of red-and-white pennants floating lazily from familiar lances that glittered in the September sunshine, a scarlet tunic here and there airing on a convenient fence, burnished steelwork of saddlery neatly reposing on wooden horses, etc., etc., strangeness reigned supreme around what seemed a cavalry camp devoid of human habitation.

Plucking up a dormant R.C.D. urge to explore mysterious nooks. I hopped the whitewashed barrier surrounding "Tom Tiddle's ground,"—and promptly ran afoul of the Honorable picket, whose eagle eye "lamped" my rule infraacting flight ere my feet touched the sacred soil. And right here is where I want to announce to all and sundry that had not that sun-tanned boy's keen vision become glued to the golden emblem of the R.C.D. Old Comrades Association, where it blazed forth in all its glory from our hatband, methinks I'd have landed in the clink to be paraded before the "beak" at the next stable hour to explain my liberty-taking hop.

The ice thus broken, my newly found friend—, and right from Cavalry Barracks mind you—, conducted me to within striking distance of the "Orderlyroom" where I sought out and introduced myself to Captain Bertheau. And right here, friends, let me say that any traces of strangeness remaining after my first contact, were quite charmed away by the friendly grip of this genial gentleman's extended hand.

Sergeant-Major Tamlyn's quarters was our next object of attack. He, too, has something of an uncanny trait about him that puts a stranger happily at ease from the start. And like Captain Bertheau's welcome, the one extended here will be remembered for quite some time to come.

There was by now such activity about the lines, as one could observe snappy jack-booted figures passing to and fro infront of the S.M.'s spacious quarters. Such gestures, to me, meant that the pre-

mier event of the day was in its preliminary stages, and, therefore, I lost no time in retrieving my better half for the grand final. Knowing her cardinal failure, I repaired to the "big top" where I found her in the company of a couple of handsome—she claimed they were—Dragoons doing the heavy amongst the friendly horses.

Jumping events were in progress when we reached the grandstand, and it was but a short time till attendants began clearing the paddock of hurdles and other paraphernalia, used in connection with the various jumping events of the all-Horse Show, for the main attraction. Promptly at ten minutes after three o'clock, therefore, the Musical Ride, led by Captain Bertheau, marched into the arena to that grand and glorious old melody—"The Maple Leaf For Ever."

Folks, it was simply thrilling! And I cannot recall, in all my life's experiences, when that dear old air moved me as deeply as when those matchless riders, their brass helmets, burnished lances and swords glittering in the sunshine above their scarlet tunics and shining bays, executed their memorable march-past before the cheering multitude.

Nor shall I ever forget the splendid response of that American throng to Canada's salute, so splendidly executed by Captain Bertheau.

As for the main part of the ride, the faultless manner in which the boys went thru the several mystifying figures of the spectacle was truly worthy of the several blasts of appreciation extended from the great throng.

I held me in its grip throughout.

And now, though there is no intent to "tell tales out of school" as it were, perhaps it is fitting to mention those copious expressions of unrestrainable emotion that the exhibition of rare R.C.D. horsemanship caused to swell into the lovely dark eyes of a certain Buffalo spectator, and from whom my counsel to "buck up, dear," educated this unsteady—though kindly—retort:—"Try and do it!"

But, try as I would, I somehow just couldn't make the grade.

Climaxing a long-to-be-remembered visit with these fine chaps of the Dominion's senior cavalry regiment, was the cordial greeting

extended to us by good Colonel Bowie, whom it was our pleasure to meet after the show.

All of which will be remembered for a very long time.

Sailors Don't Care.

A very pleasant time was had by all when on August 24th 1930, all the Seamen who could get off duty for the day, journey down to the Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Que., to spend the day with the "Boys on the Farm." What made this visit more interesting was the fact that several of our always welcome visitors were no strangers to the "Farm" as some of them had been here on previous occasions and it was a treat to see them again. As is the custom we decided to have a football match to set things going, and after a very good game the Sailors were the victors by 5 to 0. After an interval we escorted our visitors to the Mess Room where "High Tea" was served, accompanied by—well whatever it is that Quebec is noted for, and by this time we were thoroughly acquainted with each other. We next decided to have a "Tour of Inspection," but being that our friends do not take

kindly to walking this started at the Mess Room and finished at the Garrison Institute just round the corner (reference Garrison Institute, see Tom Duff) here we stayed for a short time. We then took our friends to the Garrison Gymnasium where things were got in readiness for our "Annual" gift to the Sailors in the way of a Smoker,—and this was set in motion by a few appropriate words from "Nobby", followed by our old friend P. O. Williams, with a rendition of that well known Sailor's Ballad "Sailors Don't Care," and believe me they don't when it comes to having a good time. During the evening we had an agreeable surprise when the assembly was called to order and a presentation was made to the Men's Mess from our visitors in the shape of an engraved photograph showing H. M.S. Heliotrope, and in accepting this on behalf of our Mess Major Baty, in a few well chosen words presented in turn a picture of our Garrison Football Team, this started things going again but not for long. Whenever we seem to be enjoying ourselves we are sure to be disturbed by the Trumpeter when least expected but our friends seem to be bothered by a whistle hysterically blown by one

their senior ratings, who, on the approach of 10.30 p.m. has the very same habit as our trumpeter's of running amok thus bringing to our mind that it is again time to say good-bye, and drawing to a close, a very pleasant evening and always looked for visit.

QUEER NAVY CUSTOMS

Etiquette on the Quarter-Deck

A recent House of Commons question asking whether the First Lord of the Admiralty would approve of the petty officers keeping their caps on when being paid, raises a point of etiquette.

It is not generally known that when a sailor sets foot on the quarter-deck he must salute, even though there may be no one there to return it. A civilian is expected to remove his cap. The reason is that in an age now past there was a crucifix on the quarter-deck. The space it once hallowed is still remembered and revered.

Bandmasters have to beware of etiquette traps. "Rule, Britannia" may only be played at the reception of the Board of Admiralty, Admirals of the Fleet, Admirals and Commander-in-Chief.

In the ward-room when its oc-

cupants honour the toast of the King not a man rises. Once, long ago, a distinguished officer, who was very tall, stood to toast the Sovereign and badly humped his head on the beams of the deck above. From that time the toast has been honoured seated.

The verdict at a court-martial is known. Before it is announced by the position of the prisoner's sword, which lies on the table. If the point is directed towards him he is guilty, but if the hilt is pointing toward him it means "not guilty."

In the Spotlight.

We wonder whether the two N.C.O.'s. who with heads bowed as in prayer, toured the Exhibition grounds on the Sunday after the Exhibition closed, were working in co-operation with the Souvenir Hunter of St. Johns. And was one of them the S.O.S.

Another Musical Ride has passed into history, and Old Man Sunshine has taken a further interest on life. It is to this credit that he survived the terrific ordeal with no other damage than that to his nerves.

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We heard many enquiries about the lost Rider, but we believe that this prominent personage has retired from public life.

The latest "Bright Idea" was

For Autumn!

HAVE you not thought that a good Fall shoe with heavy sole would be a good thing to add to your wardrobe?

A good heavy soled shoe is the best for raw Fall weather for it prevents the dampness from causing cold feet. The laced dark brown or black shoe is ideal for Fall.

WE also have pleasure in announcing a novelty in Ladies Stockings, something for which we have received calls for some time. You will see that we have a complete choice both as to color and price. From

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ably demonstrated when two of our Bright fads saddled up a horse for an exercise ride, and then rode the horse that they should have led leading the horse that was saddled up.

We were considerably surprised to find the ex. Irish Guardsman scrubbing his saddle with a tooth brush, and hastened to find out what kind of a brush he clean his teeth with. We suspect either a dry scrubber, or a corn-broom but are unable to say which.

Relative to an article in the Telegram about a certain Ex-Rider, we pause to wonder what the Ex. meant.

We beg to announce the appointment of Tom Duff to Sgt. Runner (and you should see him run,) was not included in this year's Honors List. However, we trust that this mention of it will satisfy that personage, whose radio activities have for some reason ceased. We suggest as a reason for this, that the Canteen is more or less sound proof, and that when he retires for the night, as no doubt he sometimes does, there is only an invisible audience, and BOY! How he loves a crowd.

Upon being asked where he was going whilst on furlough the Ex-Irish Guardsman promptly ran off a string of towns some in Ontario, and some in Canada, so the Tp. Sgt. with remarkable forethought put down Petawawa, and we believed he is going to Port Credit, as he longs for a city life.

The latest advices from Hamilton go to prove that the ambitious element of that city is not distributable to other towns. Upon looking over our own Hamiltonians, we find that this is not only perfectly true, but that the residents of Hamilton have very little ambition for anything but sleep, and that all the ambition in that city must be in the Mountain.

The Scotch Trumpeter who has been entertaining us at various times during the past year is in favour of some automatic trumpet or something. We are heartily in favour of his wishes, and would certainly prefer the something.

Having watched with awe the parachute jump daily, and the

aerobic artists at the Exhibition Old Man Sunshine was heard to remark. "Pretty Good," but the true test of Mind Bone and sinew is still the Shanghai Cross at the Exhibition." "Where men at grave risk to life and limb dash and cavot madly across each other and apparently try to find out how close they can go to hitting each other without blood-shed.

Prio that incomparable son of Guelph will be unable to take his furlough till late in the fall, as he informs us that it takes that city several months to prepare a fitting welcome for their soldier son. (Did I say Soldier?)

Having heard noises similar to Ruddee Vallee and Al Jolson trying to drown each other out. (Incidentally we think that it would be great if they could both succeed) a search party was organized to find who was in agony besides the listeners. After several hours of unsuccessful search, the unfortunate victim was found in the telephone booth, talking to someone. Oh—Hamilton—Did dums Ikke Boy Want Something.

We are very pleased to announce that R.S.M. H. E. Karcher, M.M. has almost completely recovered from the injuries he sustained when a stirrup leather broke while his horse was trying to bolt some few weeks ago.

We actually believe the reason that 'Pinky' Green came in sixth place during the race we had at Camp Niagara was because he had a fussy date on, and had to stop to answer a phone call.

We congratulate Tpr. Douglass on his splendid performance in the Squadron Mounted Sports. This young soldier captured 1st in the touch and out, and 2nd in the best trained troop horse, on Sgt. 'Windy' McDonald's charger No. 18,

and he also got third in the open jumping. He was also in the winning section in the Section Tent Pegging event. Well done Douglass.

Another event worthy of mention was the record set up by Tpr. Johann Shoemith of 1st troop. This lad, who was tent-pegging for the first time in his career, was the only competitor who drew and carried three pegs in three runs. He confessed just before the event that he thought tent pegging had something to do with tents, and gave that as his reason for bringing a mallet. Ye Gods.

Having joined the Anti-Swearing League, Mudhook (yes one longer himself) has been dumb for several days now. Some harsh critics say that he was always that way, but we remain silent on the subject.

There is much worry in local Radio Circles over the fact that Station D.U.F.F. has been broadcasting at all hours of the day instead of confining his activities to the DUFF Hour. When the Canteen closes, until 10.15 p.m., when he is stopped nightly.

We regret to announce that the nightly broadcast from Canada's Beery Station D.U.F.F. has not been on the air, as every effort on the part of their announcer was stopped by interference of the worst sort.

We are pleased to announce that a certain party until recently a resident on the 'Farm' has suddenly developed a passion for the City of Toronto. It did not take him long to get used with the traffic and is now the proud possessor of an umbrella.

A sound idea

A Hungarian student of geometry is being trained as a boxer.

He hopes always to form a right angle with his opponent as the horizontal line.

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Sussex—Zoo.

(Hider naked again)

Somewhere in the world the wildest dream you ever had was probably enacted in actual life at least once. But while Sergeant Hider was on Command at Sussex, New Brunswick, he was regarded as a mild and inoffensive man, only addicted to taking strong drink.

Celebrations at the close of the camp training proved too much for the renowned Cavalry Instructor, who, took strong drink this particular fine evening and wondered thither and yon quite without purpose. Presently, become weary, he laid his head upon straw and fell asleep. His resting place happened to be a small building of the Sussex Zoo.

Toward morning he was discovered by attendants, wandering through the park NAKED, his body bruised and his mind considerably befuddled. All he knew, he said, was that he had laid himself down to sleep in a dark building somewhere; some other person, a most hospitable chap, began knicking him all over the place; he seized between his fists a vast aiming arm, or leg—he could see nothing—and gripped it as lightly as he could; the arm, or leg, seemed to have been clad in fur; presently, the thing he held ceased to struggle and our hero bolted for the door and escaped.

The disheveled man was locked up. When the keepers went their rounds that morning they discovered a huge ostrich, dead in his stall. A monstrous struggle apparently had ensued. Everywhere were fragments of a Soldier's uniform, tunic, cap, breeches, puttees, spurs and what not. The body of the ostrich showed no wound. Its long neck was bruised and the feathers were ruffled about the throat. The poor thing had literally choked to death.

The civil authorities handed Sergeant Hider over to S.S.M.I. Hall-eff, (also on command at Sussex Camp) with instructions to place a charge against Sergeant Hider on arriving at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, P.Q., and deliver a seal-dispatch in person to Major R. S. Timmis, containing the circumstances of the case that took place at the public zoo.

The case was duly tried by Maj. Timmis, all available evidence being heard and recorded.

Major Timmis favoring Sgt. Hider in his defense, exclaimed. "How could the puny hand of a man throttle a neck so thorough? Is not the ostrich a beast of terrific strength? Is not his neck tenfold lethal than that of a mule? Does he not subsist upon strange foods—bottles, scrap iron, horse nails and what not? Too irrational, too absurdly fantastic." Case dismissed.

J. Arthur Hunt.

FOOTBALL ORIGIN AS CLAIMED BY ITALIANS COMMEMORATED

Florence Will have a Mediaeval Revival in Costume Was a Real Rough Game in the Olden Days.

The City of Florence, Italy, will capitalize its claims of being the "cradle of football" by inaugurating the spring football season with a game of soccer to be played under medieval rules. The contest will be at Teatro Della Signoria, the principal square of the city, and players in medieval costumes.

Football, the Italians claim, was derived from the game of "callarra" or "calcio" which was played in Florence during the 14th and 15th centuries. Great Britain disputes the Italian claim of originating the game and the 1930 revival of "calcio" may bring forth a renewal of the argument which resulted when Florence first advanced its claim in 1898.

According to British legends football originated in Chester by the gleeful kicking through the streets of the heads of conquered Danes, while Derby advances the tradition that football was established there in 217 A.D. to celebrate the victory of British troops over Roman cohorts.

The Encyclopedia Britannica recognizes none of the claims, declaring that football's origin is "obscure and disputed." W. B. Heard reviewed the Italian claim in an article which appeared in the June 1902 issue of the badminton magazine of London.

Heard told, of the revival of "calcio" at Florence in 1898 after the game had fallen into disuse for over 100 years. According to Heard the absence of anyone ca-

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pable of organizing the game along old lines and the participation of English and American players made the game more like modern soccer than like medieval calcio, except for the costumes and various ornamental supernumeraries such as heralds, standard bearers and trumpeters.

With Much Pomp

Calcio, according to Count Giovanni e' Bardi, 15th century Italian writer was "a public game of

two bands of youths on foot and without arms, who, with honorable intent, strive in peaceful wise to impel a ball of moderate size through the goal of the opposing side."

(Calcio was a carnival attraction, players wearing doublets, and hose of crimson satin or velvet or "even cloth of gold". The main feature of the game was its pomp, players being preceded onto the field by trumpeters and drummers. The earliest gala calcio

game on record took place in the 15th century on the occasion of a combat between Pier Capoini and one of Charles VIII's French knights, who challenged the Florentine champion.

By 1679 the game had fallen into disrepute and peasants were allowed to participate. For more than 100 years before the Florence revival of 1898 the sport had no place in Italian athletics.

Alfred Gibson and William Pickford historian of English soccer football in their volume "Football and its History", deprecated the Italian claim of originating football, declaring that calcio was no more like modern football than the games of the Stone Ages.

They made no attempt to definitely establish the origin of football, declaring that it was just as creditable to believe that the game was played by the navvies of the Tower of Babel as to recognize other claims, and that:

Among Aborigines.

"It is easy to believe that the hairy aboriginal passed cool summer evenings, his stone hatchet handy at the mouth of his bone-chewed cave, and, with one eye on the landscape watchful of a sudden approach of an iguanodon of pre-ice, age, and the other on his frolicsome boys, held a parental brief as referee over the rough and tumble 'football games' played with the skull of the late next door neighbor."

There is a creditable record by Fritz Stephen that in 1175 London school boys played a game known as football after dinner on Shrove Tuesday, and for years after it was the custom to have a full afternoon of football on Shrove Tuesday.

In 1314 football was forbidden by King Edward II. "owing to the evil that might arise through many people hustling together." In 1389 Richard II, passed another act prohibiting football and encouraging archery.

Real Rough Once

Football was not recognized as a awful sport in England until the 17th century, and even then the eminent antiquarian, Stubbs, wrote follows:

"Concerning football play, I rotest unto you that it may rather be caller a friendlie kind of

fighting than recreation. For doth not everyone lye in waight for his adversaries, seeking to overthrow him and pick him on his nose, though it be on hard stones, in ditch or dale, or whatsoever place it be he careth not, so be he have him down. So that by this means sometimes their necks are broken sometimes their backs or legs, sometimes their noses gush with blood. And no mervaille, for they dash him against the hart with their elbows, butt him under the short ribs with gripped fist and a hundred such murdering devises."

What Do You Know About This?

THE MILITARY HOSPITAL

The hospital is situate in the cavalry barracks ground of the Royal Canadian Dragoons and the Royal Canadian Regiment which is on the outskirts of that little picturesque French town of St. Johns.

The surrounding meet the eyes of the patients with pleasure and satisfaction, as one sits upon the well attended lawns, he looks at flower bed or different hues and inhale the perfumed air that I'm sure a botanist would smell with awe and splendour, the famous old Richelieu river slowly winding its way to the St. Lawrence river adds more to atmosphere of the scenery, from its banks one sees the well situated yacht club with the railway bridge as a background is the last word in beauty.

The medical staff, of the hospital is perfect, headed by Captain Cameron, the medical officer who treats you like your own mother Quarter-Master Capell and Staff Sergeant Reed are the N.C.O. in charge; Corporal Baker who recently was awarded a good conduct medal and during the absence of Mrs. Ellis cooks for us with efficiency of a French chef, has certainly met the satisfaction of the patients appetites.

The orderly staff consisting of Pte. "Red" Johnson, Pte. Carrier, and Pte. "Mickup" Moquin attends to the patients wants and needs with service that excels the Mount Royal Hotel, every fifteen minutes with the regularity of a time clock enters the spotless ward

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Montreal

to enquire of one's constitution and needs with a smile that brightens even the darkest of days, and who's cheery voice makes one forget his aches and pains immediately.

The recreation that the hospital affords are, for the "up" patients billiards on a most wonderful billiard table, checkers and different varieties of cards, the most popular game being cribbage which is played by the bed patients to perfection, in the centre of the general ward started one of the latest viotrolas on which the most original records are played with acts as a lullaby to rock the inmates of the ward into a pleasant slumber.

Thus ends my description of in my estimation a perfect hospital.

Written by an inmate for one month of the R.C.A.F. at Ottawa.

D. J. INU.

Film Aspirant

A black sheep entered a Barnet polling booth, bleated loudly, butted a ballot-box and was ejected.

The animal was trying to attract public attention to its gifts in talking comedy and so supplant the famous American mouse

GIBES IN A WILL

Remarkable wills recently admitted to probate in the United States were described by Mr. W. H. Granger, chief accountant to the Prudential Assurance Company, in a lecture to the Incorporated Accountants' Students' Society of London. A Wall Street broker's will, he said, read:—

To my wife I leave her lover, and the knowledge that I was not the fool she thought I was.

To my son I leave the pleasure of earning a living; for thirty-five years he thought the pleasure was mine; he is mistaken.

To my daughter I leave £20,000 she will need it—the only good piece of business her husband ever did was to marry her.

To my valet I leave all the clothes he has been stealing from me for the past ten years.

To my chauffeur I leave my cars he has nearly ruined them, and I want him to have the satisfaction of finishing the job.

To my partner I leave the advice that he takes another partner immediately if he expects to do any business in the future.

Mr. Granger referred to an En-

glish will written on an eggshell, and one by a sailor engraved on his identity disc.

A will recovered from the bot-

tom of the ocean, written on parchment, had shrunk to about one-tenth its original size, but could be easily read.

OBSERVATIONS BY THE WORKING GANG

1. On what authority was Joseph issued with a coat of many colours?
2. Why was Daniel put in the lions den? He should either have been put in the Guard Detention Room or handed over to the Civil Power.
3. A little child shall lead them. Was this child in possession of a Field Certificate?
4. Lead Kindly Light; Please state whether this was an issue torch or gas jet.
5. Moses struck the rock; Was he made a prisoner for striking?
6. David was issued with a sling; Why was he not issued with ammunition?
7. Lazarus arose from the dead; Please state if he was taken on the strength again.
8. And the Water was changed into Wine; Was the N.C.O. in charge a qualified conjurer? This could not possibly have been our eater.
9. He is not Dead but Sleepth; Why was not this man confined for drunkenness?
10. And manna descended from Heaven; Was this an emergency ration or a daily issue?
11. When the Prodigal Son returned; Had he been struck off the strength as a deserter, if so, why did he not get a D.C.M.

12. When Jonas was swallowed by the whale; Why was he not made a prisoner by the Provost Sergeant for being out of bounds?
13. Absalom was hanged to a tree by his hair. Why was not his Troop Sgt. made a prisoner for not checking him for a hair-cut?
14. Sampson wrecked the temple; Did a Board of Officers sit on it, if so, who paid the damages and made good the breakages?
15. Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt; Was this taken of charge, if so, what quantity?
16. Solomon had 500 concubines; On what authority did he draw rations and secure barrack accommodation for them?
17. Peter was a Fisherman; This man should have reported the change in his trade. No such trade appears in K.R. & O.
18. Saul saw a vision; Why was not this man sent sick with alcoholism and a hospital guard mounted over night.
19. With Faith ye can move Mountains; Please state how much faith is issued to the Engineers for demolishing purposes?

Parliamentary Jotting

Nurse (breaking the news): "Triplet, sir. Two girls and a boy!"

M.P.: "Impossible. I demand a recount!"

The Rugger Player's Motto

'Tis better to have shoved and lost than never to have shoved at all.

Symptoms

Blondes suffer less from seasickness than brunettes.

The latter go a much darker shade of green.

Thought when Homeward

No one need be surprised about women preferring steel shafts for their golf clubs when you remember their long experience in driving with the kitchen poker.

The Winding Sheet

Women like Western films, according to a critic.

That's why they have taken to the long, long trail or evening wear.

Even Eve complained she hadn't a thing to wear.



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